



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE PHILIPPINES—AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

BY STEPHEN BONSAI.

THE purpose of the following paragraphs is, not to add to the many and various opinions current as to the present condition of the Philippines, but to state plainly a few facts which I believe I ascertained during a tour of three months through the archipelago. In my journey I reversed the order of travel usually observed, in devoting but two weeks to Manila and the rest of my time to the more remote provinces and less accessible islands; and I did not confine my itinerary to those points which are touched by the inter-island steamers. The opportunity arising, I crossed Batangas, the disturbed country near Manila, on horseback, and visited the stockades of Samar where the outposts of our pacified possessions are living in an almost constant state of siege. Having travelled extensively in Malay countries, and having lived for months at a time among Malays, I venture to believe that I am more able to understand, or rather less likely to be deceived by, their somewhat subtle modes of expression, than the average American who has not enjoyed this preliminary experience. I think I know when they love and when they hate, when they are reconciled to existing conditions and when not, and under this impression I have no hesitancy in asserting that there is no fraction of public opinion, such as it is in the Philippines, that is pleased with our administration, not even the Federal Party, a puppet of our own creation. Consequently there exists no group of men upon whom we can shift our burden of responsibility, or ask to share it. The thinking Filipinos are war traitors from the highest to the lowest, and that very great majority who do not think at all follow their leaders blindly.

What was wanting to a perfect understanding of the situation, even after I had seen many phases of it at close range for myself,

was an official statement of our status in the islands, divested of the diplomatic phraseology in which such statements are usually enveloped. This note of sincerity was at last sounded, but only as a consequence of a great convulsion of nature. On the morning of December the fifteenth, Manila was visited by an earthquake of longer duration and of greater force than any which has occurred within the memory of the present generation. It lasted for a minute and twenty seconds, during which the massive mediæval walls that surround the city cracked like gingerbread, the great stone monument to Magellan swayed to and fro like a sapling, the lofty images fell from their vaulted niches, and the bells in the church towers tolled their peals of alarm with no assistance from the bell-ringers. Fortunately, the earth vibrations increased and diminished gradually, there was no jolt at the end or counter current met with, and consequently we had few casualties to deplore. When the excitement was over, I joined a launch party skimming over the placid mirror of Manila Bay, and it struck me upon the moment that some barrier not of masonry had been broken down and that men spoke with a frankness I had missed before.

A certain well-known Pacificator of Provinces confessed that, though not a cruel man, if a tidal wave had to follow upon the earthquake, he hoped it would sweep with overwhelming force over a certain district where, despite frequent announcements of peace, the rebellion rages. "We might drown them out, but this rubbing-out process is proving too expensive." And a certain civil administrator, not to be outdone in candor, confessed for his part that civil government had been a mistake; that the thirty civil governments of provinces did not rest upon the consent of the governed, but upon the bayonets of our soldiers; that the decrees of the civil administration, despite the roaring force of type-writers which fill the palace, and the subtle agency of the card catalogues, are not honored beyond the range of our rifles; that every Filipino in government employ, either out of misguided patriotism or from fear of assassination, contributes part of his salary to the insurgent treasury. "In conclusion," he added, "despite the prognostications of peace and prosperity from Manila, varied by announcements that they have already arrived, and the hopeful far-sightedness manifested in Washington, the only change that I observe in the situation during the last year is that the rebellion has become chronic, and that, through the

treason of native civil servants, our Government has become saddled with the support of the insurrection, as well as with the expense of combating it."

The following pictures of the state of the islands, the condition and efficiency of the military and civil governments, must, owing to the exigencies of space and time, be superficial and far from comprehensive; yet, if they invite a closer study of the situation, which is serious though by no means desperate, by those who alone can relieve it, they will serve a useful purpose; and the writer may yet live to journey through the pacified Philippines and report upon their prosperity—a commission given him last September, which, for obvious reasons, he was unable to execute.

In the archipelago, we have forty or fifty thousand soldiers divided up into between five and six hundred scattered garrisons and flying columns. Owing to the short time of service and the vicissitudes of an exasperating form of warfare, these men are continually moving about. The very great majority of them, despite incessant "hiking" through jungle and morass, have never seen an insurgent "plain," though all have seen here and there a comrade fall, shot or even stabbed in the back, by an unseen, elusive foe. This has been the story of our military activity since the day when, despite their fairly good conduct, the Tagals were swept off the field, their more or less organized army only surviving as guerilla bands. Since then, our State troops have been succeeded by the national Volunteers, the regulars of the old army by the new regulars of the enlarged establishment. While the conduct of all our troops and their morale throughout all these changes, under most demoralizing conditions, have been good, our military success has not been so uniform or so overwhelming as is generally believed. In adopting guerilla warfare, the insurgents put into operation tactics the most suitable to the country and for bringing into play their own best fighting qualities; and the result has been that they have met with some few successes, upon which we certainly have laid no undue emphasis. There is nothing analogous to the kind of warfare thus imposed upon our troops in the recent experiences of the army. It has had to be learned and at great cost; and, as always in tropical warfare, experience is bought by a corresponding loss of vigor. Our system remains the same to-day as it was three years ago. We send into the field but two combinations, either fresh troops and green officers, or ex-

perienced officers and worn-out men. It is a thousand pities that, up to the present, no way has been devised, under the army regulations printed or unwritten, of putting columns of fresh troops in the field under officers experienced in Philippine warfare.

Coincidentally with the proclamation of civil government in certain provinces, there have taken place a revival of the forces of rebellion and a falling off in the number of districts under complete military control. I believe this change in the situation is due, in a great measure, to our premature change of policy, which may have been devised to meet political conditions at home, certainly not to meet those existing in the islands. To illustrate the disadvantages of the dual administrations—for in no province has the civil government entirely superseded the military rule—I will state at length some of the conditions existing in war-ridden Batangas, when I rode across Malvar's country last November. Batangas, where the most savage phase of uncivilized warfare is in progress, is surrounded on all sides by provinces which we have been pleased to place under civil government. In these provinces, the respective spheres of influence of the military and civil authorities are the same as those which exist between the Governor of New York and the commanding officer at Governor's Island. The Governor may be, and often is, an insurgent only a few weeks in from the bush, while the commanding officer may be, and often is, a veteran of three wars fought in the defence of our country. When a band of insurgents in Batangas is hard pressed by our soldiers, when they have bushwhacked an army train, shot down teamsters, cut to pieces a small detachment, or murdered a lonely signal-corps man, there intervenes between them and the protection of a slow-going civil administration only a short hike of five, ten, or fifteen miles. So they store their guns in bamboo logs, put on amigo clothes, and, once beyond the borders of Batangas, amuse themselves with cock-fighting and fiestas, like all the other *hombres*. The arrest of a man upon suspicion or for military reasons, in one of the so-called civilly administered provinces adjacent to Batangas, is met with a great outcry at such tyrannical procedure, and it is not seldom stopped by writ of *habeas corpus* issued, may be, by that judge who has recently been caught, though not exposed, by the authorities in helping to smuggle insurgent arms and literature into the country. It is undeniable that the insurgents of Batangas avail themselves of the circumstances

favorable to their cause, as above outlined, in a large measure. They establish their store-houses, their powder-mills, and their hospitals in these provinces, and, above all, their rest-houses and *cuartels*. In Malvar's country, I learned a very curious circumstance which I have not heard mentioned before. It is not merely because he is acclimated that the Filipino withstands the arduous work and the hardships of active campaigning better than our men. It is because when he has been "out" for two weeks he rests for six; and, if he does not feel quite secure in or near his own home, he journeys along the Batangas Highway the few miles that lie between the region where war wears its most murderous face and the Alsatia of the civilly administered provinces.

During my stay in Lipa, the capital of the most civilized district of Batangas, and indeed of the whole island, I received a very forcible object-lesson of how conditions such as these are costing us the flower of our army, besides making our colonial administration and ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the Eastern world. Of the twelve officers forming the mess at Lipa during the five months preceding my visit in November, five had been killed—all shot in the back from ambush—and three had died of fevers resulting from active campaigning in the rainy season.

That warfare of a particularly savage description prevails in Samar is now notorious; on the other hand, the general impression that peace prevails in the other provinces is entirely erroneous. Hardly a day passes without a fight in Tayabas or in Laguna; and the lists of casualties that appear from time to time, finely printed and obscurely placed in the columns of the daily press, tell to those who care to learn how wide is the range and how high the cost of our desultory guerilla war. A private letter that reached me only a few days ago from Mindoro, the large island off the Batangas coast, gives a graphic picture, from an unimpeachable source, of conditions there, where according to some accounts peace reigns. My informant says:

"The people here are becoming more and more *insurrecto* every day. Acting under the orders to destroy every town and village from which we are fired upon, or where we discover insurgent *cuartels*, we have burnt down all the towns and collections of houses that were standing when I saw you last, with the exception of two. Under a strict interpretation of our orders, these two should be destroyed; but then we would have no shelter ourselves."

The casualties in the Sixth Infantry testify to the fact that,

now and again, there is plenty of fighting in Negros, though that rich island has been pacified time and again on paper. Just at present, many plausible schemes for developing the resources of Negros are being placed before the American investor—schemes for building railways through valleys of wonderful fertility; for digging out harbors that, when the digging is over, will be capable of sheltering all or nearly all the merchant vessels afloat; for electric trams to bring within easy reach of commerce the ore from the mountains, the hardwood from the forests, and the cane from the fields. These schemes are, possibly, all as good as they are plausible; they may pay posterity, but no one should invest under the impression that Negros is pacified, without knowing that, in a sense, our control and our government of at least half the island are merely nominal. If I were investing in Negros, I would like to know how Ruffino and Papa Issio feel towards the enterprises in which I was interested. These gentlemen are certainly magnates of the first rank in Negros, and would, doubtless, resent not being consulted. After an infinite amount of labor and many casualties, we have succeeded in capturing Padre Juan, who, together with the above-mentioned patriots or brigands, ruled Negros for many years under the Spaniards, as they are ruling it to-day. It should be understood exactly what the American occupation of Negros means. We have installed a civil government that confines its activity to the coast towns, where it rests upon the rifles of a few scattered companies of the Sixth Infantry. The officers and men of this gallant regiment have done wonders, but even leaders like Byrne and Kennon cannot work miracles. Half of this island has never been occupied or even traversed by American troops, and it remains in the almost undisputed possession of Prince Ruffino and Papa Issio.

The surrenders in Cebu, Panay, and Bohol, which characterized the last days of General Hughes's command over the department of the Visayas, are much too recent to warrant the expression of an opinion as to their value. In the Philippines, surrender is inspired by many and wonderful motives, and the act itself is often misunderstood. At times, the surrender seems to be merely a tribute of personal regard to the departing American commander. Sometimes, the insurgents come in to secure the thirty silver dollars which we pay for almost any kind of rifle they may bring with them. Not seldom, the jungle patriot has a good time

in town, where the creature comforts he craves are cheap, and then returns again to the mountain or the jungle with a new rifle more in keeping with the requirements of modern warfare than his former one, and which he can easily purchase with the premium paid for his discarded weapon.

If Panay, where it seemed to me the inhabitants were more peaceably inclined, remains quiet for the next few months, it may be fairly regarded as pacified; but at the present writing, northern Luzon is the only part of the archipelago where peace prevails or where the work of subjugation seems to have been complete. Here not a single hostile shot has been fired for ten months, except by a handful of notorious ladrones. This result is due to the severe but just rule which Major-General Wheaton has exercised over these provinces, with inflexible purpose in peace as in war. I had several conversations with General Wheaton touching the permanence of these conditions in his original department of northern Luzon, which General Chaffee has quite recently extended to embrace the new department of the northern Philippines. The impression I took away from these conversations was, that General Wheaton does not regard his achievement as permanent, so long as there are bands of insurgents roving about almost at will in the provinces of Laguna, Batangas, and Tayabas, who may at any moment strike northward into the recently pacified district, with results which no one can foresee.

The conditions prevailing among the Mohammedan people of Mindanao, of Jolo, and the other Moro islands, should not be confused with the foregoing picture. Their government presents a problem that is quite distinct, one that for the moment, fortunately, is not very pressing. We seem to have won their sympathies from the first by the fact that we expelled the Spaniards, and from their impression, based upon observation and report, that we are not Christians. Almost without exception, the officers charged with the difficult task of meting out "unequal laws" to these savage people have acquitted themselves well, and the result—peace such as has not been known in this part of the world for generations—has not been secured at the expense of principles. No attempt has yet been made to free the domestic slaves, because there is reason to believe that they themselves would resent this interference with their present careless existence, as did the slaves of Zanzibar who protested to the English on the occasion of their

recent emancipation that they could not long survive the reproach of being masterless men; but the crime of kidnapping and the marauding expeditions made for the purpose of securing slaves have been almost entirely suppressed. Much of our success in this quarter is due to the happy isolation of the Moro islands, which has made interference from Manila and Washington almost impossible. The recent completion of the cable has given rise to many dark forebodings, not, let us hope, to be realized.

The Moros are quite as secretive as the Tagals and the Visayans. They can keep their own counsel well, and it is hard to tell what they are planning, or whether they are pleased or displeased on the whole with American sovereignty. To judge from appearances, they are so divided amongst themselves by family and tribal jealousies, that a combined effort on the part of all would seem out of the question; still, as we are learning farther north, the hatred of the white man is a great dissolvent of ancient animosities. I came away from Mindanao, where I enjoyed the unusual advantages of a visit to some of the Great River sultans, and a glance at members of the redoubtable Lake Lanao Confederation assembled at Malabang on market day, with more cheerful views, both as to what has been done and what may be done in the future than are entertained by most observers. The Moros certainly have many rifles, those of Mindanao alone at least ten thousand. It is held by those responsible for the maintenance of law and order that we may be confronted any day by an uprising, which it would require an army of ten thousand men to suppress, and to-day there is not a third of that force available. If the missionaries of many sects who are assembling in Manila are permitted to invade the Moro country, the green flags will be unfurled, and we shall have a Holy War on our hands in a minute.

Certainly, I did not escape the thrill of pride which ran through the American people at the announcement made last spring of a liberal educational policy for the Filipinos. It was confidently predicted that the perverse sympathies of the natives would be won over by this great and magnanimous stroke. Simultaneously with the gift of civil government, public schools were to be opened throughout the archipelago; and, as a matter of fact, in an incredibly short space of time, over a thousand college and normal-school graduates were engaged and shipped across the Pacific to begin their labors. Their appearance upon the scene, we were as-

sured upon the highest authority, would immediately inaugurate an era of good feeling and quench the last embers of rebellion.

I regret that my conscience does not permit me to say that these dreams have been realized up to the present writing. Zorilla, who was certainly not a clerical, once said in the Spanish Cortez, that a single friar was worth more in the matter of preserving the sovereignty of the Philippines than a regiment of cavalry. Might we not reasonably hope to obtain beneficent results by the powerful instrument of our public-school system, where brute force, as well as vague promises and honeyed words, had alike proved futile? The idea was so promising that it is a pity greater care was not exercised in the manner of putting it into execution. As a matter of fact, our educators were hastily selected, hurried on transports like troops mobilized to meet a military emergency, and landed upon coral strands scattered all over the archipelago, where not the slightest preparation had been, or in such a space of time could have been, made for their reception. That our educators did not starve in the first days of the intellectual campaign is due to the generosity of army officers and members of the Civil Government.

Before the transports even reached Manila, it was found, as was to be expected, that a minority of the teachers so hastily gotten together were not qualified, at least in the important matter of character, to inculcate American ideals in our little brown wards, and on one transport at least, the behavior of eight of the selected teachers was such as to justify the authorities in refusing to allow them to land, and they were sent back to San Francisco. What legends would have sprung from these regrettable incidents had our frail educators of both sexes been friars! If but a few of the stories which are discussed in Manila, and even appear from time to time in the island-press, are true, the casual investigation as to character which the unfortunate eight failed to pass might with advantage have been extended and made more rigorous.

Whatever may have been the faults of the religious corporations which under Spain had such a large share in the government of the islands, such mistakes as these could never be brought home to the friars, whose activity and efficiency, in one direction at least, even the radical Zorilla praised. No friar was ever sent to a distant, isolated station in the Philippines, until he had undergone a searching examination in the matter of morals, as

well as in the humanities. Before his appointment to a parish, your friar had not only to show a good command of the Spanish language, which a large proportion of the people throughout the islands speak and understand, but he had to speak and preach fluently in the language of the particular people with the care of whose souls and education he was charged. Little wonder that, when, thus equipped, the friar reached the field of his life's labor, the people worshipped him as a god.

I was so much pleased with the generous impulse that inspired this educational movement, that I quite lost sight of the fact, I think we all did, that after all it is the Insular Treasury, and consequently the Filipinos, who are meeting the expenses occasioned by our generosity. But, when I began to investigate the effect of our educational programme, I saw that the Filipinos had not lost sight of this important fact for a moment. Their attitude, so far as ascertainable, seems to be that of a man who has his feelings under good control, but who at the same time sees no particular reason why he should pretend to be pleased with people who have taken his money and squandered it in a way he was far from desiring, and without paying him even the empty compliment of consulting his wishes merely as a matter of form. Undoubtedly, it is true that a large number of the Filipinos grudge the salaries paid to a majority of these American teachers. They, usually so cautious in expressing themselves on the acts of their government superiors, do not hesitate to say that the importation of teachers *en masse* was against their wishes, as it was against the advice of the highest educational authorities of the American Government in the islands, who favored the sending of a smaller and a more carefully selected corps and their employment in normal schools to educate native teachers. They assert that the American teachers are paid five and six times the salaries of such of the native teachers as are still retained, without being able to do the same amount of work. With the money that is now going to Americans, they claim that from five to six thousand Filipino teachers could have been much more advantageously employed; and, though they admit that this number of native teachers, eligible and competent, could not have been secured immediately, they argue that, by means of the normal schools which they desired and the educational advisers of the government recommended, the deficiency could soon have been made good. With these impressions preva-

lent, it is not strange, however disappointing, that our educational programme, from which we expected such great and pacific results, should be regarded as the entering wedge, perhaps the advance agent, of an era of carpet-baggers.

Of the thousand and odd teachers who are now in the Philippines, I had the advantage of visiting only some twenty in their school-houses. These, with possibly one exception, were worthy and creditable appointments, at least for school work at home. Though my personal experiences range over all the islands where the educational work is in progress, and though the school-houses were visited without plan and at random, it may be dangerous and not wholly justifiable to generalize from the experiences of the few to the many. But I can say that, of the teachers I saw, all seemed discouraged, and not a few frankly admitted it. This was not due entirely to the uncouth and wholly undesirable surroundings in which they were called upon to live, but also in a measure to the rapidity with which the Filipino's thirst for knowledge is assuaged. Two weeks after the schools were opened, many of the teachers told me, the attendance dropped off as much as thirty and forty per cent. Of the truants, some admitted frankly that they were disappointed. They had expected to learn English in ten days or two weeks. The girls averred they had to wash camisetas and sarongs for their mammas, the boys that they had been sent out to gather cocos for their papas, which stories and many others amounted simply to the fact that they were tired of school; and they never came back to it. Many of the teachers did not hesitate to say that they came out to the islands under a misapprehension of the circumstances; and some were living, and with good reason, in daily fear of being killed. In many I noticed strong commercial proclivities; and the expression, "There ought to be money in this, or that," with reference to nearly all the products of the islands, was on many tongues. One fair teacher, who with me was watching a Visayan boy impale blue butterflies upon a long darning needle, remarked: "There ought to be money in them." The Filipinos, too, hear these observations so naturally made, and perhaps attach undue importance to them. They notice that a considerable number of teachers have already resigned, some to enter upon business pursuits; and idle words, coupled with incidents like these, serve to keep alive the mistrust of the native, and to renew his fears of that com-

mercial exploitation of the islands which his leaders assert will follow immediately upon the final overthrow of the insurrection.

Down in Leyte, the educational campaign is being carried on under the superintendence of a man of exceptional capacity. I met him on returning from the scenes of the massacres in Samar; and, I confess, I grudged him to Leyte. I would have preferred to see his energy and ability employed nearer home, where they would, I am sure, bring greater and more solid results. He has translated into Spanish and Visayan all the choicest legends in our history. One day, I was brought into the great nipa school-house at the history hour, when the Malay children are inoculated with the virus of American history and American ideals. The lady teacher was recounting to the rows of stolid little boys (with the low foreheads and the shifty, roving eyes of their race) the immortal story of George Washington and the cherry tree. For a moment, I succumbed to my surroundings, and a pleasurable thrill ran through me. After all, this was the real thing. It might not go down very far, or stay very long, but this is what we came to the Philippines for.

Behind the bench of stolid-looking boys sat three mothers, all dressed in starched camisetas, come to see how their offspring progressed.

" 'Who cut down the cherry tree?' " read the teacher, while her Visayan assistant put it as best she could into that poverty-stricken, Malay dialect, and the boys began to show signs of interest.

" 'I cannot tell a lie, father, I did it with my little hatchet.' "

As the Visayan interpreter worked away on the idea, brighter and brighter rays of intelligence shone from the faces of the little Malay boys; and one of them shouted out: "*Chunkoi!* the booby! he could not tell a lie!" and all the others chorused their contempt, while one of the mothers leaned over toward me to show that she had not missed the point of the story, and said: "*Pobre madre!* poor mother, to bring into the world such a booby son!" There are certainly not many Visayan mothers who have to bear this cross.

For a moment the lady teacher maintained her academic composure and vocabulary.

"The superintendent says this little book contains everything necessary for American citizens to know. Sometimes I think it

is rather beyond the boys. . ." Then, interrupting herself: " Say, ain't it fierce? Well, I wrote to Manila yesterday asking for transportation home immediately; and if I can only get a boat *viâ* Suez, when I get home I will have girdled the globe anyway."

Truly that would be something of great value, to the teachers especially; but it is hardly all we expected to accomplish when we undertook our generous educational campaign at the expense of the Filipino treasury.

I have touched only upon a few of the more striking aspects of this perplexing situation, which has already cost us five hundred million dollars and many thousands of lives, without our having even a policy to show for it. I believe that in all history no instance can be found of another nation, however young, however full blooded, permitting itself such an extravagance with such poverty of results. To-day, able men are working in the Philippines to make the archipelago a white man's country; others, with equal authority, derived from the war powers of the President, are striving to make of the islands a closed preserve, a kind of brown man's paradise where no Caucasian may dare to show his face. Which shall it be?

Certainly, without unity of action no permanent results can be achieved. Undeniably, the conditions in the islands to-day are unsettled to the verge of anarchy. This our colonial house, divided against itself, cannot stand for long, because some day the at present indispensable support of the army will have to be withdrawn. What is needed in the Philippines is a policy, to be steadfastly adhered to and carried out without fear or favor—a policy based, not on the discordant views which are proclaimed on every side, especially by those who have never visited the islands, but inspired by a statesmanlike survey of the situation and a dispassionate study of the mass of as yet undigested data supplied by those who lived amid, and not merely visited, the scenes they describe. The selection of this policy is a privilege that falls to the present Congress. For the sake of our prestige and our peace it cannot longer be postponed.

STEPHEN BONSAI.